

litl different will it make
which if any of th false
sirens i xpose or follo

when the blume iz on th sage
and th mountain blubirds fly
thru mi garden on th floor
of old lake bonneville
mi hart goez over red
rok pass

river of exagerrated violence
i navigate u badly
but in mi dreams
im kuming home to stay

SONG FRAG FRUM A BAD DREAM

giv me oaxaca in th wintr time
let me c jalisko in spring
but th states of old mexiko stil shine for me
on th baks of mi hands in sing sing

-- charles potts

murray ut

Salt

-- for Becky

A child will lick his arm
to taste it.

Deer come
where thick-tongued cows are,
the saltlicks round and yellow.

Out in the winter pasture
before snow
we'd crack the saltlick open
for clean white shanks.
Our tongues were raw when
we came home, we couldn't taste
anything.

It's like this
after I love you.
I go to the ice-box for beer.